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THE EYE OPENER

Pianos and Organs
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments. The Oldest Music House in the North-West.

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EYE OPENERS

Goe not halfe-way to meete a coming sorrowe,
Butte thankful bee for blessings of today,
And pray that thou mayst blessed bee tomorrowe,
So shalt thou goe with joy upon the way.

• • •

That giggle is from Benny of Medicine Hat.

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Calgary's population, according to the special police census just completed, is 21,200.

• • •

"Bon voyage!" to the Fifteenth Light Horse Band.

• • •

The Free Press says that, "Not a word has been heard about that terrible Blairmore townsite scandal for at least a month."

Quite so. It has been bottled for future use and will be uncorked at the right moment. Pray do not forget that. If you, dear Free Press, knew the kinks of this western country as well as we do, you would be seized of the fact that any lawsuit tried at Macleod, involving the interests of a local Grit, is the veriest kind of a farce.

No one in Southern Alberta takes that Blairmore townsite verdict seriously, except, of course, the wily Mackenzie, who now comes into legal possession of the property. The decision of the Macleod jury was a foregone conclusion, the trial itself, under the circumstances, being an utterly useless formality. The submitting of evidence to this jury was a pure waste of time.

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The simple fact of Paddy Nolan being retained for the Mackenzie interests was a giveaway. Every man in these parts who gets found out and is conscious of being in the wrong, instinctively turns for aid to P. J. Nolan; and this keen-witted lawyer immediately proceeds to prove the entire innocence of his client, getting unfavorable witnesses all balled up so that they don't know their own names, playing on the jury box as if it were a jew's harp and finally pooh-poohing the prosecution into a condition of manifest imbecility. It has not infrequently occurred to us that it would be better for the sake of the country at large if P. J. was not so diabolically expert at his business.

• • •

During the past week or two we have all been treated to a hot line of patriotic orations.

"This Canada of ours, that glorious heritage handed down to us as a sacred trust by our forefathers and our forefathers' fathers who fought and bled and died and rumpty-umtum-tumtum." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

"But, men of Alberta, does not that flag, that good old flag, the Union Jack, (uproarious cheers) which has braved a thousand years the battle and the booze, appeal to your highest sense of patriotism, a patriotism which, I might say, reaches its noblest height, its loftiest climax, at smoking concerts and occasions such as the present? Base be the man who says me nay. (Tremendous cheering.) Why, ladies and gentlemen, I would be recreant to my trust if I did not emphatically toodleumpty-ido, etc., etc. (A voice, "Stay with it!") But I have spoken longer than I intended-er-er—(Cries of "Go on! Go on!") When I look around on this vast and intelligent audience (frantic applause), when I gaze upon the schoolchildren gathered here today, the future mothers and the future real estate agents of this beautiful city, I am reminded of the story of Mrs. Casey's euchre party. A couple of Irishmen met on the street and one said to the other, "Mike, are you going to Mrs. Casey's euchre party tonight?" Mike somewhat pettishly replied, "* * *." To which Pat rejoined, "* * * * *." (Roars of laughter, during which the speaker resumed his seat.)

"Men of Alberta," starts off another, "why are we here today? What has brought us together on this occasion? Tell me that! Tell me that! Why are so many of the fairest flowers of this great and glo—(burst of applause)—I ask you, men of Alberta, why are we here today? ("Oh, dry up!") Why, fellow citizens,—I might almost say 'ladies and gentlemen,' for I notice that many of the fair sex have graced us-er-er-with their-um-presence here today—BUT, I ask you, why are we here, who are we anyhow and where are at? (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Gentlemen, if you will bear with me for a few moments I will give you a brief resume of the various governments of the earth, commencing with the Roman emp——" ("No you don't!" "Shut up!" "Chuck him out!"). And so on until everybody gets weary and goes off down town to get drunk.

• • •

These oratorical blasts of hot air convey little or no meaning to the average person. When all is said and done, they are merely effervescent exhibitions of the dam[illegible] art of spieling. Your patriotic orator uses the same kind of words that other speakers use, but it is his arrangement of them that makes the hit, to say nothing of the fierce expression of countenance that accompanies the worn-out old platitudes. After the speeches are over one never hears remarks exchanged amongst the listeners as to the lofty sentiments expressed by the orators of the day. Not at all. The subject matter is entirely ignored for an oft-told chestnut. All that one hears in the way of comment is—"Wolsismamé made quite a spiel—shot off his mouth in great style"—"Old Stickinthemud didn't do so badly—I suppose he'll get on a big toot tonight on the strength of it" or "What was the matter with old Kafoozlum today?" He was strictly on the bum. What's that? Oh, he was, was he? Then that accounts for it. I thought he had cut it out" etc., etc.

• • •

It is amusing to watch the patriotic orator resuming his seat at the close of his fervid peroration on the British flag and the Anglo-Saxon race. As he takes out his handkerchief and wipes his brow he seems to be saying to himself "Well, I'm glad I got that off my stomach anyhow."

• • •

Hush! There is a rumor floating around that Clifford Sifton is to be organizer-in-chief to manage the forthcoming General Election. Also that he is to be taken back into the cabinet as minister of trades and commerce. This may or may not be true, but it is an obvious fact that the gentleman is wriggling along on his belly in the direction of the Laurier-Kid [illegible].

• • •

Seeing that the Liberals will be returned to power in any event, the ringing-in of Sifton as campaign manager becomes a wanton flout at Canada's sense of the proprieties. The better element of the Liberal party shrink at this man's return to noxious activity. As partisan Grits, however, they are too blindly loyal, as well as too timid, to openly repudiate Clifford, and now that there is talk of his return to power, they are more frightened than ever to open their bazoos. It is a fine state of affairs.

• • •

Should Sifton really manage the forthcoming elections and be taken into the cabinet, it will indeed be a blessing for the Conservative cause. As sure as there is a God in heaven, the re-introduction of Siftonism will prove the undoing of the Liberal party. The country has had enough of this sort of thing. It is our honest conviction that the greater bulk of Canadians are perfectly willing to stand by the present government in its expurgated form, freshened up with clean ministers and sweetened with an atmosphere of political righteousness, if there is such a thing, but they simply

WILL NOT

stand for any more Siftons, Hymans, Emmersons and Fred Bordens.

• • •

Sir Wilfrid, who is personally quite familiar with some of Sifton's droll Balzacceries, must be crazy to think of again foisting upon the country a man who left the cabinet for much the same reasons that encompassed Emmerson's downfall and that will, no doubt, shortly bring about Sir F. Borden's retirement also.

Moreover, Laurier must be aware that Canadians, irrespective of party, view with lively suspicion Mr. Sifton's rapid rise from bankruptcy to millionairedom, while acting as minister of the crown in charge of the government's biggest spending department.

The man is universally regarded with profound distrust.

• • •

A well posted Liberal, talking about the wealthy politicians of Canada, said that Hon. Clifford Sifton discounted all the politicians of the New Liberal school when it came to a bank account showing. He added that the rating companies, while putting Sifton high in the list, did not quite do the ex-minister justice, as his wealth was nearer \$4,000,000 than \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 as is generally reported. He did not credit the report that Sifton would re-enter the cabinet, as Laurier contemplates an early appeal to the people after the next sitting of the House.

• • •

Not only did Sifton corrupt Manitoba, but he has the Conservative as well as the Liberal leaders of that province on his staff right now. If this is not practical politics we don't know what is. As manager of the Big Campaign, he will first of all re-purchase Brandon, so as to have perfect peace of mind during his operations; then he will concentrate his energies on corrupting Ontario. This should be easy in the corn belt. Quebec and the maritime provinces wont get much in cash, for they are pretty safe, but each constituency will undoubtedly be promised cabinet representation. A portion of the contents of the barrel will, we venture to hope, be smeared over these western provinces where new electoral districts have been formed. Should the genial organizer contemplate buying up the press, our address is the Cameron block, Calgary. As for British Columbia, Clifford wont pour much money into that rat hole; for they would doublecross him in a minute and no one knows it better than old Balzaccary.

• • •

Why don't the Conservatives get a barrel too? That's what we'd like to know. Buck up.

• • •

So far as providing the sinews of war is concerned, the Conservative magnates are on the bum. The big men won't produce. They expect the common herd—of which the editor of this paper is a unit—to work tooth and nail at their own expense to hoist them into the seats of the mighty. They are a chilly lot.

• • •

Take Sifton's methods, on the other hand. THERE is a man who knows his business. He pays handsomely for services rendered. An ordinary barroom booster never gets less than fifty plunks, usually more. A man of local influence, who can deliver a bunch of votes, gets a big chunk of "expense money" and the promise of a government job—Yukon commissionership, inspectorship of swamp lands, license inspectorship, any old thing; and, be it said to his credit, Sifton keeps his promises. Single votes are paid for in cash. Grit country newspapers become suddenly prosperous, their editors wax fat and begin to settle outstanding bar bills and to pay back instalments on their plants to the Toronto Type Foundry. Money flows and everybody is full of beer.

Result—Victory.

• • •

Now, why can't the Conservatives—but pshaw! What is the use of talking?

• • •

The Winnipeg Tribune says, and says truly, that the patience of endurance of the electors has now been reached and in the next Dominion elections the personality of the candidates will play an important part.

• • •

Kindly oblige us by running your eagle eye over the following editorial from the Toronto World:

In an article headed "What the Two Parties are Doing," The Toronto Globe professes to see in the revelations of scandal in the private lives of certain ministers and certain members of parliament only the work of mosquitoes and black flies.

It says: "Messrs. Fowler, Foster and Company are playing the role of the black flies and mosquitoes, but the people's work is done, and the great ends achieved in spite of their humming and buzzing and biting."

Many cynical things have been given expression in the editorial columns of The Toronto Globe, but nothing quite so cynical has been the light of print as this deliberate closing of the eyes to the [illegible] within the [illegible] of the government. Throughout [illegible] the [illegible] of The Globe has been [illegible] as the great [illegible] of public righteousness. But [illegible] his mosquito and [illegible] with an [illegible] of public duty [illegible] of the man on the street.

In view of the fact that The Calgary [illegible] of June 28, a [illegible] of which has been received in The West

Office, cabinet ministers are associated by name with scandalous acts, the question cannot be downed. Are these things true or are they false? If they are not true, they should be denied, and the paper making the accusations should be proceeded against in the courts. What has been common talk on the street has been published in this western paper and copies of it have been scattered broadcast throughout the west. This is the scandal, nobody dares to deny that these statements are true.

It may be correct that some Conservatives are trying to make political capital out of the scandalous actions of certain cabinet ministers, but that is not the question. This is the question: Are these things true and what has The Globe to say about it?

Clergymen down by the sea have been passing strong resolutions, having in mind these same actions. If comment on circumstances involving a grave public scandal and calls for purity of life in ministers of the crown be only the buzzing and the humming of mosquitoes and black flies, does the Rev. J. A. Macdonald mean to put his brethren in the category of insects?

In the hour of George Brown, the mosquito and black fly episode would not have found its way into the editorial columns of The Globe. But Macdonald is a day's journey along a dusty road from Brown.

• • •

Oh yes, we are quite willing to believe that 27,000 people attended the Edmonton fair, as stated in the Bulletin, but they must permit us to cross-counter with a 73,4[illegible] attendance at our Calgary exhibition. These figures are absolutely true,—at least, as true as the Edmonton figures.

• • •

But although the Edmonton figures may have been cooked for our special mortification, the races do not appear to have been cooked in any way. They are reported to have been quite raw.

• • •

Well, never mind, the boys had a whale of a time, as usual. Edmonton is a jolly old place and the visitor who fails to enjoy himself at one of their great celebrations must be a misanthrope indeed. Too bad about the Letepha, though.

• • •

The Letepha (what a name!) was apparently none other than our old friend the Hootchy-Kootchy under another guise. It does, however, strike us as being rather inconsistent that the new chief of police should close up the Letepha and yet allow Bernice Palmer to ride through the streets at the head of the parade on Opening Day, attired as Lady Godiva. This is the awfullest break Edmonton has made yet. At the start La Palmer was modestly covered with yards and yards of golden tresses attached to a "voluminous wig," only her arms and ankles showing. But just as the procession was turning the corner from Jasper avenue to descend the long steep hill to the exhibition grounds, some idiot stepped out from the crowd

Nothing Looks so Proud as a Big Balloon Sailing Through Space.

And Nothing Looks so Draggled as the Same Balloon Hanging From the Branches of a Tree.

and poured a little hokey-pokey on the flank of Lady Godiva's steed.

The animal—but why attempt to describe what followed? Suffice it to say that it was the most interesting incident of the Edmonton fair and will live long in the memory of those privileged to witness it. The wig and tresses have since been picked up and are now on view at the Pendennis.

• • •

Manager Richardson conducted this year's Calgary Exhibition and Race Meeting in a most successful and satisfactory manner and proved himself a worthy successor to the indefatigable Peterson. The racing department was especially well managed, there being no delays and everything going like clockwork. The horse men were well pleased with their treatment.

• • •

The most human incident at the fair occurred when Billy Stokes and a friend, both very dry, paid a visit to the Calgary Brewing company's exhibit, presided over by the immortal Billy Murr.

"Very fine exhibit you have here," observed Mr. Stokes, looking round with critical eye.

"Not so bad," agreed Mr. Murr affably.

"Very creditable, very creditable indeed," remarked Mr. Stokes' friend, stroking his chin with a judicial air.

"Never saw such a fine exhibit in all my life,—beats any of the brewery exhibits at the World's Fair," said Stokes.

"Or at the Portland Fair," put in Stokes' friend.

"See here, Stokesy old boy," said Mr. Murr, "what's your little game?"

"We're awful dry, old man. Can you help us out?"

"Not today."

"Aw, come now, Billy, pass us over one of those sample bottles, just one."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Billy, O-o-h Billy, be a good fellow and give us one bottle, just one, not two."

"Well," said the good natured Billy after some hesitation, "here you are, but take it off somewhere—don't open it here."

"Ah, you're the stuff! You always were a friend of mine, Billy."

Off hied the twain in great glee to the rear of one of the race-horse stables and sat down to enjoy a nice long cool drink. In the meanwhile Billy Murr sent round several jokers to pipe them off.

Stokes drew from his pocket one of those complicated knives with corkscrew attachment. With the aid of this he drew the cork and politely handed the bottle to his friend.

"After you."

"No, go ahead, after you."

"No, no, fire away, age before beauty."

"Well, here's how," and Mr. Stokes friend up-ended the bottle and took a swig. Suddenly he lowered the bottle and began to spit violently.

"Bow River Water or I'm a Dutchman!"

"You don't say! Eau de Bow? Impossible! Give it here—glug-glug—by George, you're right. "Did you get on to that head peaking round the corner of the barn? Well, we must finish this bottle at all costs. Billy Murr has sent the gang round to give us the merry ha-ha."

"But we can't get away with all that warm water. It will make us sick as cats."

"Got to be done, old socks. Here's to you!—glug-glug—now it's your turn."

"Holy smoke! Well, here goes."

Later on in the afternoon they again ran across Billy Murr.

"Well, how did you enjoy the beer?" inquired that worthy.

"Fine!" said Stokes.

"Great!" added Stokes' friend.

Mr. Murr eyed the pair thoughtfully for a minute and passed on.

• • •

The All-Red-Route scheme will doubtless be received with tumultuous acclaim at super-heated public gatherings and at banquets (with the insidious orchestra, the equally insidious champagne and the usual clutter of Union Jack oratory), but it wont for a moment stand the scrutiny of a business man the first thing after breakfast.

• • •

The baseball bleachers do certainly get off some most amusing gags at the expense of the players. There is one inveterate rooter who attends our Calgary games who, because he is in the oil business, is popularly known amongst the boys as "Rockefellow." When Baker, the Edmonton player, went to bat at a critical moment in the game and made a vicious swipe at the ball, which he missed, Rocky yelled out, "Not today, Baker. Bring six loaves in the morning!"

• • •

Our Calgary baseball team, in the opinion of those who ought to know, is made up of just as clever players as any in the league. There is something—we cannot say what it is—in connection with the [illegible] and the [illegible] that has gotten on their nerves. Attorney-General Cross, of Edmonton, who was present at Wednesday's [illegible] game said that he hardly recognized them as the same team that [illegible] Edmonton a couple of weeks ago in two straight games in which they played faultless ball.

Bennie, the great Medicine Hat player-manager, says that he would take the Calgary team as at present constituted, and win the pennant. Deacon White, who is authority for the statement, [illegible]

[illegible]

are told to arrest her also, as she is suspected of being a panel-worker.

• • •

If Sheets had this particular woman on his string while in Calgary he evidently kept her in the back ground and did not attempt any badger game in this neck of the woods.

Do you know what the badger game is?

We never heard of the real thing being worked in Alberta, because it requires rather larger centers of population than we have out here, but it has been worked in Winnipeg lots of times and that, too, very recently.

• • •

This is the modus operandi—or, better still, let us tell you of the last case which came to the attention of the Winnipeg police and involved the hold-up of several married men of more or less prominence. No mention of it was allowed to get into the papers.

It was this way: A young woman of great physical charms—this is necessary to catch the wealthy old guys—appeared in Winnipeg not so very long ago. She was always well dressed and her conduct was quite proper to the—ah—to the casual observer. She was accompanied by a man much her senior, who was ostensibly her husband. They rented quarters in an aristocratic neighborhood.

He was supposed to be out of town a good deal—a travelling man for a big American shoe house, they said.

Several badger jobs were pulled off before a victim was found who dared go to the police with a complaint. The average man in this sort of a mix-up is either too game to appeal to the police or else he dreads the exposure which would follow. These harpies bank on this. Publicity a-la-Emmerson does not do a man any good.

So a number of old codgers were plucked by this couple. They gave the name of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Norris at the flat they rented.

• • •

The woman made it her business to get acquainted with men of means and casually—you know how it is—the fact was revealed that Mr. Norris was away from home a good deal, yes, and dear little Mrs. Norris was SO lonesome, for she knew so few people in Winnipeg, having lived there such a short time.

Then some old jay would slyly suggest the very thing Mrs. Norris was fishing for. Why, yes, he would be only too happy to drop around and—er-er-play a game of cards. When he arrived at her apartments "the other couple who were expected" were, of course, unable to be present. Thus she and Johnny Buttinsky were able to get pretty well acquainted.

• • •

Now here is where the Johnnie is pried loose from his roll. He is invited to call again, and does.

You bet your life.

He is a little anxious about Old Man Norris, but is assured that she had a wire from him that very day over at Battleford and he can't get home for a [illegible]. About the time that [illegible] got into an attitudino compromiso with pretty Mrs. Norris, steps are heard ascending the front steps, a night key is inserted in the lock and in well-feigned terror Mrs. Norris screams, "My Husband!"

• • •

Of course, Old Norris is in a frightful rage, and Johnny not only sees visions of trouble but also of a picture in the papers with a little X marking the spot where the body was found. Johnny produces a big roll or writes out a fat cheque and—you know the rest. It is an old story.

• • •

BUT, it so came about that Mr. and Mrs. Norris fell foul of the wrong man, a very well known chap whose nerve has been too frequently tried in pioneer days to have a doubt raised as to what he would do in an emergency. He was glad of a chance to call on Mrs. Norris and lost no time in preliminary canters. The next night found him in the Norris flat—right in the chambre a coucher—when hubby came tramping up the stairs.

Mrs. Norris got off her little scream as per schedule, but Mr. Pioneer Moneybags forgot to get frightened. He had been there before and had taken the precaution to slip a heavy Bulldog gun in his pocket for just such an emergency.

• • •

When the infuriated husband poked his nose into the bed-room the Old Canuck carelessly thrust his smoke wagon into his face and told him to back up.

Mr. Moneybags admitted later that he did not even then suspect what he was up against, and it was not until Mrs. Norris begged him not to shoot but to pay her husband what he demanded rather than have a tragedy, that it dawned upon him that he was up against the old badger game.

Then he grabbed the woman's companion in his big hands and gave him a fearful beating. After completing his toilet he walked down to the police station and gave "Big" Sergeant Robinson the whole story. It was only necessary for the police to visit the Norris apartments once to make certain that the couple had left Winnipeg in a hurry.

• • •

This is the form of amusement provided now at the [illegible] and affords a [illegible] exhilarating experience if you [illegible] up against it. Since [illegible] the scarlet woman out of town the badger game has become quite an institution, and the sports from Alberta and Saskatchewan are fleeced in great style. The [illegible] game to beat is your "[illegible]"

• • •

What's the matter with the big Canadian banks that they have frozen up so tight with their funds? The [illegible] is general throughout the west, and [illegible] and towns are unable to secure a dollar for internal improvements that are really necessary. Down at Winnipeg the very devil is to pay and the bonds of the big town have gone begging. The banks refuse to lend the necessary money and Jimmy Ashdown has made two trips east trying to fix up some kind of a deal [illegible]

[illegible]

"Winnipeg, July 1, 1907"

We beg to put in writing the

(Continued on page 3.)

EYE OPENERS

(Continued from page 1.)

verbal offer we made you this afternoon for the purchase of $3,000,000, thirty year 4 per cent debenture bonds of the city of Winnipeg, on the following terms:

"1. Price, at 94 stamped sterling London delivery.

"2. The city to give an undertaking in writing not to hypothecate its revenues or to make further bond issue for a period of eighteen months from date of purchase.

"3. The bonds to rank equally with other city bonds.

"4. Payments to be spread over a period of three months with the option to pay at any time in full.

"5. This offer subject to a commission of ½ per cent payable in cash to us by the city."

• • •

The same is true all over the west, Calgary, Edmonton, Medicine Hat, Regina, Saskatoon and Prince Albert. The banks get all the deposits they can, but are unwilling to let loose of a cent because of the money stringency in the speculative circles of the east. That's where our Canadian banking system is weak—all the banks have their headquarters in Toronto or Montreal and they are sensitive to the slightest flurry in Wall street, Montreal or London. The system is sounder than that of the states, but the small independent national banks all over western states have no connection beyond their own small territory. The stock is owned by men in the small towns who know the local conditions and know that a flurry in Wall street should really have no bearing in the far west. Here today in western Canada, conditions are really sound at the heart of things and could not be better, barring a lot of reckless real estate dealers, but in spite of that our western towns are being held up because a lot of dubs have got into the market three thousand miles away and scared the bank managers down east. They at once wire out west and the muzzle is clapped on every bank vault in Alberta. That's the way it works in practice.

• • •

The bottom, of course, has dropped out of the Winnipeg building boom and a fine thing it is, too, that the real estate boomers are forced to go to work. This really does not affect the prosperity of the country. In fact this class bears no direct relation to the substantial prosperity of the country. They contribute nothing to the products of value. Therefore the whine they are now putting up ought to deceive no one and influence but slightly the movement of funds. However, it does, thanks to these confounded bank managers in the east. Recently a Toronto Bank manager who had been speculating for years in the bank's funds went to pieces and landed in the penitentiary. All these years the other bank managers knew what he was doing. It was common property in banking circles that he was a crook and yet the people never seemed to suspect him. This amazing mystery that surrounds a bank manager always did astonish us. They do business on the capital of their depositors and yet when these same depositors want to overdraw their accounts there is a hullabaloo.

• • •

We wish to notify our numerous readers in Winnipeg that the Caledonian Football Team, of Calgary, are on their way to the Peg to play for the championship of Canada trophy, known as The People's Shield. We further beg to notify Winnipeg that the Callies are going to bring it back.

• • •

School examinations were held in Calgary a few weeks ago, with most satisfactory results as regards the educational progress of the scholars. There certainly must be some bright young people attending our schools. One of them in answering the question, "What is the chief aim of governments?" wrote, "To stay in power."

That is putting 'em over the plate.

• • •

That was a queer case that happened down at Claresholm recently. A young remittance Englishman had been drinking very heavily for some time and was on the verge of the willies. A well-meaning friend, an English rancher, took him out to his place in the country to sober him up. Arriving late at night at the ranch the friend of this poor fellow, with the best intentions in the world, made him a shake-down in a box stall and locked him in, leaving a bucket of water and a dipper, BUT NO WHISKEY. This drastic treatment cost Mr. Remittance-man his life, for, when his friend looked in the following morning to see how he was getting along, he was dead. Had he been properly looked after and tapered off scientifically on small jolts of whiskey or egg noggs, he would have been alive today.

• • •

It is a man's heart that goes back on him in this altitude, after he has been indulging too freely in booze. To cut a man off short after he has been licking up all kinds of rotgut for a prolonged period, means death. Few people realize the grave danger of drinking the hard stuff in this altitude. The steady boozer must succumb sooner or later, and when he goes, he goes all of a sudden, like a light that is blown out.

• • •

We repeat, and we are prepared to keep on repeating, with all earnestness, that the only salvation for this western country from a temperance standpoint, is five-cent beer. Introduce your five-cent beer and comparatively little whiskey will be drank. You can take this as a tip from one who is only too familiar with the subject. The temperance people know as much about this booze game as a weasel knows about the All-Red-Route, and they display less sense in handling their cause than a lot of monkeys. Why don't they work along practical lines where they can accomplish something towards the minimising of drunkenness?

"Hey there! A pitcher of ice water to Room 23!"

• • •

"Hey, you, Dodsworth, you're an original genius, write us a few lines of stuff,—we're stuck."

"How much do you want?"

"Oh, just a few lines."

"Well, here goes: 'Jane was walking down the road one day and she saw a cat. Jane was very fond of cats, and she cried: Here pussy, pussy.'"

That will be all from you today, Dodsworth.

• • •

It seems that Americanisms are on the increase. Particularly reprehensible is the use of "I guess" for "I think." "I guess that's going some" instead of "I think that is advancing considerably." We are slovenly in such things, and the shorter, less grammatical way appeals to us—the safety razor manner of speech. What shall we do to be shaved? Our own private opinion is that pat expressions, such as one sometimes hears from the bleachers, is pretty good dope after all.

• • •

The expression "23 for yours," so familiar these days, had its origin at the race track, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily placed in an unfortunate position. As for "skidoo," we give it up.

• • •

Then there is our familiar friend "graft." But it is only as a slang expression that "graft" is new. Graft is old as the hills and crops up with alarming frequency in the bible. There was any amount of graft in Abraham's time. The people of those days were but human, and to graft is to be human; to escape being caught, sublime. There was always graft, always, always, always and there always will be as long as the world lasts.

• • •

Father Abraham was one of the worst old grafters in history. He was a "sooner" and introduced Sarah as his wife, or sister, as expediency and the king's fancy seemed to demand. She was both. Abraham in our day would have been condemned, as would many of the other grafting patriarchs. Abe was a grafter all right.

• • •

The gams and the crooks went from Edmonton to the Battleford races this year, being careful to sidestep Calgary. By this time, no doubt, the citizens of Battleford are calling to mind the motto of the celebrated old Greek philosopher, Barnumicus, "Pro bunko publico."

• • •

"Are you the editor that takes in society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man with a tired and timid appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a small party last night, and I am willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society news," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Fewclothes assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in and I don't care if it costs a dollar or more. I want my friends to know, by George! that I still belong to the family."

• • •

How many, many people have tried chicken-ranching in this country and failed! There seems to be a hoodoo about raising chickens as a special business. It certainly looks all right on paper. All you have to do is to take a pencil and a piece of paper and do a little multiplying. In a few minutes wealth looms in sight and you have millions in the bank and billions of chickens jumping about the premises. Better still, there is the further prospect of not having much work to do. There is no need to pitch hay to a squab and it is absurd to try and milk a broiler. A pretty home ranch, with lots of books (on poultry) and magazines and Pink 'Uns and Winning Posts and booze and tobacco—and then prosperity and a trip home to the old country. A little Dry Gin this time, Fred.

• • •

To the day of his death the green, inexperienced poultry culturist never understands why the seven plagues of chickendom all fall upon him simultaneously. The stories that he read of the woman who paid off the mortgage, educated four children and toured Europe, from the profits of two pigeons and a "setting" of eggs, gave him no warning of his woes. To him alone comes the squabless pigeon and the eggless hen. The simple life plus poultry is a delusion and a costly snare.

• • •

The farewell performance of the Fifteenth Light Horse Band was a revelation. There is just the twinkle of a star between their music and the music of some of the crack military bands across the water, and there can be little doubt but what they will make a big hit at the Dublin exhibition and wherever else they may go. This is certainly the most delightful and winning method of advertising western Canada that could have been devised and is creditable to all concerned.

Colonel Walker will accompany the band across the pond.

• • •

The armies have now disbanded and the military camp down by the Bow is no more. As a gathering of the clans it was a success, but it seems to be generally conceded that a couple of weeks is too brief a space of time for accomplishing all the instructive purposes of a camp. The first day or two there is "nothing doing," and what with Sundays and holidays the total working days do not reach over seven or eight. The talk about the mutiny over the grub was all nonsense, of course, but that lively dissatisfaction was expressed in some quarters over the commisariat is an indubitable fact. The most serious kick was over the hay provided some of the squadrons. It was mouldy and rotten, and the horses would not look at it. Incidentally, these grounds where the camp was held are far too small for the number of men and horses assembled.

• • •

The officers and men created a splendid impression on Dominion day. A more serviceable-looking bunch of human beings could not be found anywhere in this or any other country. They were the clear McCoy, and with Colonel Sam Steele at their head the future career of this military aggregation is bound to reflect credit upon the province, and upon themselves individually, as patriotic Canadians.

• • •

Apropos of things military, let us glance at the strength of two great European armies those of France and Germany.

The latest figures credit the German army with a total war strength of 5,404,109 officers and men, 483,000 horses, 5,420 guns. The same authority puts the total war strength of the French army at 4,695,760 officers and men, 215,311 horses and 4,560 guns. It will be noticed that Germany is credited with 70,000 more men than France, and has almost 1,000 guns more. In the peace establishment, however, France has a slight lead, having at all times under arms 613,117 men, as against 594,088 men on the German forces. Both armies have enormous reserves, and each can quickly have under arms 2,000,000 trained men.

• • •

In July, when Germany was almost on the verge of giving the order to mobilize, the French entertained King Alfonso of Spain with an exhibition of the work of a battery of the new quick firing guns. In less than a minute a battery of four guns, firing at a distance of about four miles, literally riddled some earthworks 400 feet broad and 800 feet deep. It appeared to be evident that a regiment might have been annihilated in the same time. The following day there was a decided change in the tone of the German newspapers.

• • •

But how would a western Canadian militia soldier like to join the German army and enjoy the treatment there accorded privates by their officers? The following is the experience of a German army private:

"During the second manoeuvers," he says, "I was sent on ahead to select quarters for the company. The police supply the names of householders who are expected to shelter the soldiery, and I had to decide on the number of men who should be assigned to each place. It seems that our major dispatched a courier with a message for our captain. For some reason or other the message was not delivered. The next day the captain called me and in the presence of the whole company, rebuked me for not delivering the message:

"I did not receive any message," I ventured.

"'Shut your mouth you liar,' he thundered. And again he bellowed: 'Why didn't you deliver that message, you——?'

"I told him a second time that I had not received any message. The captain's temper broke all bounds. With an oath he rode his horse at me full tilt, hurling filthy names at me the while. When he had ridden right up to me—I fully expected he would run me over, but I dared not move—he suddenly reined in his horse, and, drawing a long dagger from his belt, shouted, livid with passion: 'I have half a mind to stick this through your vile body, you schweinhund!'

"Once more he asked me about the message, and once more I answered him.

"'Then five days' confinement and bread and water be your punishment, you liar!' he retorted.

"He repeated the question several times and increased my term of imprisonment each time I answered in the negative until my term of imprisonment equaled fourteen days. I was placed under arrest. Next day I was released. I afterwards found that the captain had discovered his mistake, but he never referred to it."

• • •

Another idol shattered. It turns out that the cuckoo is the earliest riser of any bird, and the greenfinch next. The lark is the latest. Next thing we hear will be that the lark can't get up without a Collins.

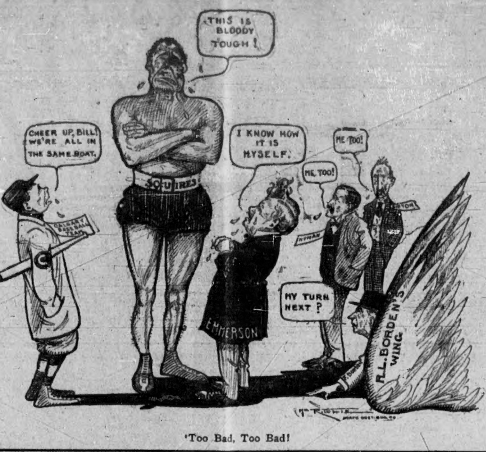
• • •

We hate to be always showing people up, but some one has to do it. There is a real estate man in this city—drop around and we'll give you his name, if you want it—who succeeded in putting his hired girl (English) on Queer street. This was bad enough, in all conscience; but, what is worse, he was not man enough to look after her when the inevitable consequences loomed in sight. The poor girl, who is now near her confinement, hired a little cottage on Sixth avenue and, in spite of appeals to her betrayer, passed three days without anything to eat. Some one happened to learn of her condition and went to the real estate man about it. At first he denied all connection with the affair, but on being told of certain letters written by him, in the possession of the girl, he finally acknowledged the corn. The unfortunate young woman is now in Mr. Woods' Rescue Home.

• • •

It seems strange that the Eye Opener should be the only paper in Calgary to mention these things. Other papers report drunks most faithfully, and thefts and assaults, but they sidestep the gravest crime of all, the ruining of innocent girls. Ministers, also, are chary about tackling this sort of thing. We are not publishing the name of the guilty party in this instance—though

(Continued on page 3.)



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Amateur Photographic Supplies

Our stock of EASTMAN'S KODAKS, cameras, films, plates, papers, developing tanks and outfits, powders; Solio and Velox post cards, Seeds and Stanley plates etc., is always complete and everything is fresh.

Eastman's catalogue free.

Mail orders receive our prompt attention.

If you don't know how to take and make a picture call and let us show you.

Developing and printing done on the very shortest notice.

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Hotel King Edward

BANFF

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At this hotel may be found all the comforts of a home, the accommodation being first class and the cuisine unimpeachable.

Terms $2.00 a day

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Livery in connection. Rubber-tired surreys and buggies. Saddle horses, etc., etc.

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NO STUDENTS ARE EMPLOYED.

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DROP IN TO

CRONN'S Famous Restaurant

AT EDMONTON

Worth Coming Many Miles For

Are the delicious dishes prepared by Cronn for the delight and good digestion of the resident and visiting folk of Edmonton. It's not the food alone (always the choicest) nor yet the cooking, services, prices or surroundings—it's a happy admixture of all these desirable things that makes the Cronn Restaurant the most popular in town.

Remember

Lew Doll's Jewelery Store has moved to the Diamond Palace, newly erected by him, just east of the old store in the new block.

McLeod Bros.

Gents' Furnishings

Great Line of Men's Suits. Prices marked down very low. Suits which in our last Special Sale were reduced to $15, $12 and $8, the balance will now be cleared at $12.50, $10 and $6.50.

Also a carload of trunks, suit cases and club bags, all prices and sizes. For two weeks we offer on these a discount of 20 per cent off our regular price.

McLEOD BROS.
FIRST STREET EAST

The Northern Bank

Incorporated by Act of Parliament 1905. HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG.

A WESTERN BANK FOR WESTERN PEOPLE.

The Only Chartered Bank with Head Office in the West. Every one of its 47 Branches are located in the West.

Authorized Capital	Paid Up Capital.	Reserve Fund
$6,000,000	$1,200,000	$50,000

THE NORTHERN BANK Commenced business on the 8th of November, 1905, with a Paid-up Capital of $550,000, and on the 31st of December, 1906—after less than 14 months of business—the Paid-up Capital amounted to $1,130,000, and the Bank had a Reserve Fund of $50,0000, Deposits of $4,156,000, and Assets amounting to $6,270,000.

Its branches are situated in most of the principal cities and towns, and in many of the smaller places throughout the West.

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Calgary Branch in The Sharples Block. Open Every Saturday Night 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.

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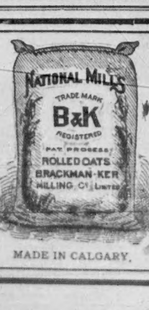

MADE IN CALGARY.

Made in Canada is Good

Made In Calgary is Better

Keep your money in circulation at home by using goods of home manufacture. At the same time when you use "B & K." Breakfast Foods you get the very highest grades manufactured on Earth.

INSIST ON YOUR GROCER SENDING YOU "B. & K" GOODS.

The Brackman-Ker Milling Co.

MADE IN CALGARY.

The King Edward Hotel

HOSTEN & STEVENSON, Proprietors.

Edmonton - - Alberta.

Ten of the finest sample rooms in the province, size 18x25, steam heated. The only up-to-date hotel in the west. Electric lighted. Steam heated. Elevators and all other modern conveniences. Excellent cuisine. Choicest brands of liquors. Attentive and careful attendants. The finest News Depot in the city, all Eastern and Coast papers.

Rates $2.50 Per Day Up.

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Best Residental Buy in the City. 1-2 Mile from Post Office.

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EYE OPENERS

(Continued from page 2.)

we will promptly tell anyone who happens to ask us—but we give warning that the next case of this nature that comes to our notice wont be handled so gently. The only thing that keeps us in check now is the fact that the party is a married man and there is no use bringing about further distress. The Eye Opener does not wish to assume a Pecksniffian role, but we ask any right-minded man in Calgary if it is fair to put a girl on the bum and then refuse her support in the way of grub and funds during her period of trouble. As for the general immorality of the thing, we don't care a snap of the finger about that. It is none of our business.

* * *

The military camp, 800 officers and men, was commanded by Billy Griesbach and his bulldog, Togo, ably assisted by Colonel Steele and Colonel Walker. General Griesbach was driven round the city in an automobile and was good enough to say that we had quite a burg.

We have, we have; even though we are shy a Letepha.

* * *

Dr. Brett's charming summer place at the foot of Sulphur Mountain, Banff, where the hot springs have their source, is more popular with visitors than ever. The Grand View Villa has been vastly improved by the new additions that have lately been put on. This is an ideal retreat for people who desire a quiet rest and a course of sulphur baths. The hoop-hurrah of the ordinary hotel is conspicuous by its absence at the Grand View, the hours being put in after a very home-like fashion, and it is just the place for tired humanity to get back into championship form.

* * *

The editor of the Midnapore Gazette, of whom we have not heard for some time, is back at the old stand and as perky as ever. He denies that he broke jail. The story, he says, was manufactured out of whole cloth. As a matter of fact he got six weeks knocked off for good conduct and has papers to prove it. Mr. McGonigle states in his newspaper that he is out for the stuff from now on and wont accept subscriptions to the Gazette in drinks and cigars any more. His new motto is "In Rhino Veritas." We extend congratulations to our contemporary on his release and predict for him a bright future.

* * *

Yesterday was Orangeman's Day, held in honor of the memory of William Third of England, Prince of Orange. The Orange order is, of course, a protestant organization, but there is no intolerant spirit about it. Indeed, the constitution of the order specifically states that it is the duty of members to aid and defend all loyal subjects of every religious persuasion in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights.

In Canada, the main object of the order,—at the present moment, at least,—is to prevent the Catholics as a sect from butting in and securing more than their proper share of political control. This certainly keeps the Orangemen humping.

* * *

There is every reason to believe that Oliver's Land Bill was the victim of an organised lobby composed of C. P. R. and C. N. R. handy-men, to say nothing of the group of wise guys interested in certain of those big land syndicates.

So bent are these rapacious corporations and syndicates on selling their own lands at $10, $12 and $15 per acre, that Oliver's practical and beneficent scheme to fill up the west and help the settler by turning loose government land at $3 an acre, fairly gave them the shudders.

* * *

These cold-blooded harpies, however, have only succeeded in delaying the passage of this bill for a year. Still, by just so much and for just so long will the in-flow of new settlers be prejudicially affected. Greenway's speech against the bill bore all the earmarks of a "stall," but it served its purpose.

* * *

Ha! What's that? J. F. Comma and wife, of Chatham, Ont., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last week. A pretty long sentence for two Commas. What?

* * *

It is rumored that the British cabinet at its last meeting decided that the scheme for an All-Red route is impracticable, on account of the heavy loss it would entail if carried out.

Australia has already turned it down as she confesses that a grant towards the scheme of $2,000,000 per annum is a little too thick for her resources.

Now, what in thunder will Clifford do if they all turn it down? Possibly follow Emmerson in the All-Blue route to the woods.

* * *

We always wondered where Joseph Seagram, M. P., hit upon the ingredients which give such a delightful taste and aroma to his unrivalled whiskey. A well-known antiquary writes that "the Romans used to serve at their banquets wines eighty and a hundred years old. They would mix with these wines turpentine, resin and sea water."

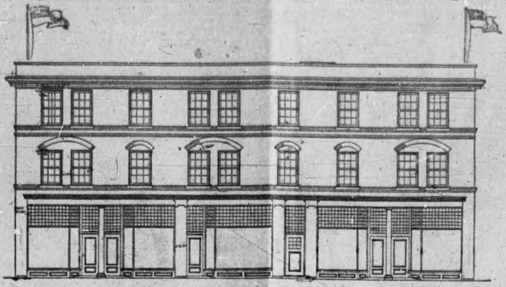
The Romans were apparently not on to the creosote and fish hook blend.

* * *

Alderman Stuart's silence in the council awakens some vague curiosity as to how he will apply the vocal energy he is now storing.

* * *

What has become of the Gentle Shepherd, R. L. Borden? His flock is straying and the places where the wool is short have become painfully obvious to the casual observer.



Here is a picture of the new modern apartment block which is about to be erected by Mr. Y. S. Shepard on First Street West, between 12th and 13th Avenues, just south of Cushing's property. It will be built of red pressed brick, on a frontage of 75 feet. The contract price of the structure is $37,500, and as the ground is valued at $25,000, the full value of the property will be $62,500. The contractors are J. C. Smith & Co., of Winnipeg.

* * *

The C. P. R. have notified the city council that they cannot commence the construction of the subways before 1908, on account of lack of material. Oh well, if they don't keep us waiting longer than that it will be all right. It is somewhat difficult, at this moment, to conjecture precisely what fresh excuse will be devised later on by R. B. Bennett to extend the delay into 1909, thence on to 1910 and so on ad infinitum, but no doubt it will be a good one.

* * *

Between some of these fake American magazine writers and this combination of easy-money men known as the Western Canadian Immigration Association, Western Canada is being advertised as a kind of Darkest Africa, where savages are found in great numbers, head hunters and skull worshippers abound and where any kind of adventure among the half civilized white people may be had on slight notice.

The ignorance of some of these "writers" the Vanderhoof-Knappen syndicate sends into Alberta from Chicago about Canadian institutions is enough to make a fat Indian laugh himself to death.

As an example,—in the August number of the Review of Reviews, an American standard publication, appears an article on Canada, written by one P. T. McGrath and illustrated with pictures of the public men of this country. One of the most prominent figures is labelled, "Hon Sir Frederick Borden, minister of militia and defence and leader of the opposition in parliament."

Now, what do you think of that!

* * *

This man McGrath "did" Canada last year under the auspices of the Western Canadian Immigration Association. The poor devil apparently thought there was nothing odd about a cabinet minister being leader of the opposition.

But these are the kind of dubs upon whom the Western Canada Immigration Association squanders the good hard money of Canadians and this is the kind of trash they dish up.

* * *

The game, for all we know, may be worked this way. One of these chaps meets "Van"—the insiders all call him "Van"—and tells him he wants to have a vacation, "just a little outing for a month, anywhere, any old place." Van is ready with a proposition. The newspaper man gets his expense money, railroad fare and eight or ten dollars a day for meals, champagne, etc., and starts for western Canada—perhaps.

In other words, he may just hang around Chicago, have a quiet drunk and "turn in" one of those characteristic Western Canada Immigration "stories."

Any d—d fool in the writing business can get hold of a pamphlet or two of immigration literature and build thereon a series of eight or ten very readable "stories" about the west.

Take the case of William F. Curtis, the great staff correspondent for the Chicago Record-Herald. This gentleman passed through this country a couple of years ago, under the aegis of the Western Can. etc., ostensibly to write up the west. Curtis is a high-flyer and travels with a stenographer—no, no, a male secretary. Most of us remember the story he wrote of Calgary,—"Calgary, away out on the edge of things, where the population of 6,000 people live in tents and most of them are Americans who dominate the country."

This is actually what he wrote and what the Chicago Record-Herald printed. The money for this damaging rot was supplied by Canadians! Oh, you suckers!

* * *

Of course, when it developed later that Curtis had merely flitted through Calgary in a palace car and did not even stop here, the ridiculous stuff he wrote was understood. C. W. Rowley was president of the Alberta branch of this bum organization, and our old friend, Colonel G. C. Porter, was secretary. They were glad to disavow responsibility for the whole thing as soon as they got wind of the affair.

The Chicago-St. Paul gang must have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the successful manner in which they were working the easy-going Canucks.

How silly, then, would it have been for Alberta and Saskatchewan to appropriate $2,500 each year to devote to this sort of advertising. Western Canada has been done irreparable harm by those vultures, men who are willing to write anything about the country in order to fulfill the condition that will give them a luxurious outing at the expense of the people whose resources they are crippling by their mendacious statements.

* * *

By the way, that "Last Great West," the alleged magazine which Vanderhoof was promoting with our elegant money and such a hurrah and crash of trumpets has fallen flat. We foresaw this when the first number came out. No one ever sees or hears of the thing, except, of course, the real estate agents in the States who get the copies free of expense to be distributed among a certain class in western Iowa where Lynch has his big real estate offices.

Vanderhoof is spending several thousand dollars a month, however, from his elaborate offices in Chicago on this same scheme; and, what with running around all ever the country at Canada's expense and the chappies he is giving vacations at the expense of damphule Canadians, he manages to spend every dollar the deluded C. P. R. and foolish government officials subscribe.

* * *

"You are a Has-Been," exclaimed the young politician.

"Possibly, possibly," returned the old stiff, "but even that is better than your role of a Never-Will-Be."

With such persiflage they whiled away the time until friends interfered.

* * *

Charlie Hyman now thinks it safe to recover his health.

* * *

The press of this city has excellent reasons for being down on the council. The quill pushers have every right to feel sore. This year's council have made no bad breaks and do not show signs of being likely to make any. Consequently, the press have nothing to write about. Poor old press.

* * *

The Keeley Old Boys will meet at the Victoria Hotel on Tuesday evening, July 23, when a banquet will be held, with Peter J. McGonigle, editor and proprietor of the Midnapore Gazette, in the chair. Speeches, songs and toasts will enliven the proceedings. A pleasant evening is looked forward to, especially as the Wolseley band will not be in attendance.

* * *

It may not be out of place in these columns to compliment Manager Willis of the Lyric, for having had the nerve and enterprise to bring Mrs. Fiske out to these prairies at a guarantee of $1,000 a performance. Calgarians turned out to witness the performances of this incomparable actress only fairly well, and, what with good towns here and bad towns there, Mr. Willis just broke even. As in a poker game, so it is in the theatrical game. With the public dealing, you get dealt some mighty poor hands along with the good ones. Sherman won out financially at the Lyric and we see no reason why Willis should not gather in the sheaves also, for he is an ideal manager, with an intimate savvy of the business.

* * *

The last snake had just been ordered out of Ireland.

"Well, I'll have to go," he remarked, with a rattle of his tail, "but you just keep on drinking Irish whiskey till the 15th Light Horse gets here from Canada and you wont know the difference."

Angrily shaking the dust of the place from his tail, he writhed up the gangplank.

* * *

Calgary will just be about ripe next summer to handle the Dominion Fair. Let us all unite in prayer to the end that we may get it.

* * *

All patrons of good clean sport should not fail to see the championship lacrosse game between Strathcona and Calgary on Wednesday evening, July 17, at 6.30 on Victoria grounds. Strathcona are holding first place and the Calgary boys know that if they defeat them here it will put the locals in second place, and a chance of getting first honors on the second series of games. The boys have been out every night this week, working hard to give Strathcona the hardest kind of a game and to give their patrons the worth of their money. The management has been alive this year and have done everything to get the best players out, and to give the players everything they require in the way of sticks, suits, shoes, etc., and at the same time are ever watchful to keep the game clean as lacrosse must be played. The boys never had proper encouragement in Calgary to play the game with outside teams. This year the proper men got behind it, and the work they have done speaks for itself. They have already spent about five hundred dollars for sticks, suits, traveling expenses, etc., and the season is only half over. The committee is composed of M. S. McCarthy, M.P., Ald. Moodie, Ald. Stuart, W. Telford, Dr. Hicks, Dr. Cashman, Ed. Dodd, G. Cullen, J. J. O'Gara and Wm. Stokes. All are taking a very keen interest and are desirous of placing the Canadian national game on a firm basis in Calgary and Alberta. The players consist of Capt. A. McDonnell, P. Powell, Ed. Powers, D. McLeod, T. Dunne, J. Ross, B. Ross, D. Harrison, J. Ready, F. Anderson, E. Curliss W. Laing, J. Sewell, H. Reynolds, J. Moir, M. Dodd, R. McQueen, R. Bowes, P. Bethune, E. Dodd, P. Willett, C. Williams, all good experienced men and every man must practice hard if he expects a place on the team. The boys need every assistance, as they have to provide for another trip north and the committee wish to add to the equipment of the club. The game with Strathcona will be played before the bleachers on the ball diamond. The tickets are 25c, no extra charge for seats. Everyone should turn out, to see a good fast game, cheer for Calgary and help them to win the Alberta Cup, which goes with the championship.

* * *

When Professor Adams, of the Irrigation department, learned that Col. Sam Steele was to have his headquarters in Calgary instead of Edmonton, he looked around to make sure that everybody was listening and said "Now they can keep theid d——d old buffalo!" He came very near setting 'em up, but corrected himself in time.

* * *

What the Canadian Alpine Club—which is now in camp in Paradise Valley, some seven or eight miles from Lake Louise—may some day do for Canada, can in a measure be gauged by the fact that Switzerland's revenue from tourists last summer was $25,000,000.

* * *

If any of our out-of-town agents fail to get their bundles of papers this week, they will know the reason why. It is because they are bad pay. Our agents at Moosejaw and Brandon, especially, have soaked us in fine shape. Being crooked, they cannot appreciate liberal treatment.

* * *

Rawlinson Brothers' sale of hackneys, the animals so much admired by Prince Fushimi, takes place on July 24, out at the ranch, eleven miles west of Calgary. The sale, which will be handled by Jordison Bros., is unreserved.

* * *

In referring to the Calgary Fair of 1907 one must deal in superlatives. It is the best, its exhibits are the most creditable, its live stock is by far the most valuable, its arrangement is the best ever held in western Canada, between the old boundary line of Winnipeg and the coast. We are all so accustomed to speak with enthusiasm about some things that a mere announcement of the superiority of the fair of this season does not tell the entire scene. A very brief glimpse will satisfy any person that superlatives are not exaggerations, but, as in this case, they are weak and almost expressionless.

To follow the dramatist, let us first regard the scene in which the fair this year is placed. There is a decided change in the arrangement of things, and for the first time the Calgary fair looks like a real exhibition. In years past there was a group of buildings in one part of the ground, the grand stand in another, a bunch of tents in another, horse stables in another, and the building which was

(Continued on page 4.)

THE EYE OPENER

All the latest and most popular novels of the day; also newspapers, magazines, sporting goods, hammocks, etc., etc., to be had at

LINTONS BOOKSTORE

122 8th Avenue.

Importers and dealers in High Class Wall Paper and Decorations. Sole agents in Alberta for the famous Lin Crusta Walton.

Y. S. SHEPARD

LIMITED

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EYE OPENERS

(Continued from page 3.)

known as the main building in still another district. It was always difficult to find what you wanted, and even if you didn't want to find anything you had your troubles even then, because you had great difficulty in getting all over the ground.

The place where the buildings are located is very fine. Any person who has visited the Toronto exhibition and witnessed the delightful slope down to the lake, pictured in his mind how very beautiful Victoria Park will be when the banks are nicely boulevarded, and the grounds slope gently down to the river. That is what is coming, and the fact that it is not here does not prevent one from noticing the beautiful features of that portion of the park which is inhabited for the first time.

* * *

The Lauder-Mullin boxing contest was prohibited by the civic authorities on the day it was to have been pulled off. The fight was not stopped from any moral considerations. Not at all. Mullen came down from Banff overnight, and this meant that with the contest still on the tapis, Mullen's backers would have lost their bets. The action of the finance committee was in the nature of a coup d' etat, the result of which saved considerable money to some of the men who backed Mr. Mullin. It is a joke to say that the police committee just became aware of the approaching contest, on the day that Mullin came down from Banff, for Alderman Moodie, a prominent member of this committee, was the official stakeholder.

HAYWOOD TELLS HIS STORY

Had No Dealings with Orchard and Did Not Pay Him Money.

Boise, Idaho, July 11.—William D. Haywood took the oath today as a witness in his own defense, and in a lengthy narrative of his life and work as a leader of his fellow miners, which was interrupted by adjournment, denied guilt of the murder of Frank Steunenberg and the manifold crimes charged against him by Harry Orchard. Haywood was pale and trembled with nervousness when he left the table of his counsel for the witness stand and at once began to respond to Clarence Darrow's questions.

His voice was low and somewhat uncertain, but within ten minutes he had regained his composure and for the rest of the afternoon he was master of himself. When he told of his boyhood, which began with toil at the age of nine, and gave the history of his family, his invalid wife, who sat just to the left of the witness stand, began sobbing softly. Her mother and her nurse soon comforted her, however, and during the rest of the afternoon she and the rest of the Haywood kinfolk were quiet but deeply concerned auditors. Haywood's direct testimony today was characteristic chiefly because of positive denials of allegations made against him by the prosecution.

He denied that he met Orchard until some time after the Vindicator mine explosion, denied that he sent Orchard back to Cripple Creek to blow up the independence station; denied participation in the murder of Detective Gregory, and denied suggesting or discussing the Steunenberg murder. He swore that he never gave Orchard any money at any time or any place, for any purpose. He declared that he never made a threat against Steunenberg, whom he regarded only as a participant by capitalistic influence. He detailed a number of occasions when he met Orchard in Denver in the ordinary course of his relations with the federation, and George A. Pettibone, and said he saw Orchard for the last time in August, 1905, when Orchard told him he was going to Alaska. Haywood said he then charged Orchard for deserting his wife at Cripple Creek.

The direct examination has not reached the connection of Jack Simpkins with the federation and the action of the federation after Steunenberg was murdered when court adjourned.

Cross Examination of Moyer.

The state completed the cross examination of Charles H. Moyer at noon, and with dealing with his testimony directed the strongest attack against the circumstances under which the federation, at Simpkins' suggestion, came to the relief of Orchard when he was arrested for the killing of Steunenberg. Senator Borah, who conducted the examination, emphasized the relations of Simpkins with the federation and the fact that the federation without inquiry as to the guilt or innocence of Orchard, furnished $1,500 from its treasury for his defence. He also developed the fact that the federation is providing for the defence of Steve Adams, who is charged with killing two claim jumpers at the instigation of Simpkins.

Moyer denied any knowledge of the hint that Haywood sent to Jack Simpkins a few days before Steunenberg was assassinated, which is traced to Orchard by an anonymous note of Caldwell jail and a coincidence of dates.

Haywood became a member of the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners in 1900, holding that position until June, 1901, when he was elected secretary-treasurer, an office which he still nominally fills. His salary is $150 a month.

Asked if the federation employed attorneys, Haywood declared that at times as high as twenty-two attorneys were on the payroll. Its growth had been steady ever since thatsime, with the exception of the Cripple Creek year, when there was a temporary loss of some 5,00 members. The federation, according to Haywood, has always taken an active interest in politics, one of its objects being to elect its friends and defeat its enemies. It has also taken a deep interest in labor measures affecting all classes of workingmen. An eight-hour day law, as applied to miners, has been secured in nearly every state where the federation is organized. In some cases it became necessary to amend state constitutions before the eight-hour statute could be effective.

Before Judge Gray 10—In the course of the direct examination of Moyer in the Haywood trial this afternoon, the defense attempted to bring in testimony and argue their right to show that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were illegally brought from Colorado to Idaho. Judge Wood announced that he would not allow the defense to go into the legality of the depositions.

Objections by the state to any questions bearing on this matter were sustained.

The direct examination of Moyer was concluded at 1:59 p.m. Cross examination will be begun tomorrow morning.

When Moyer went to the stand he was questioned by Mr. Darrow as to details of his early life. He said he had been a miner since 1885. He joined the Western Federation of Miners in 1897, was first elected president in 1902 and had been re-elected annually since that time. He first met Haywood at the 1900 convention in Denver Haywood was chosen secretary treasurer the following year.

Moyer said that as president bond was not required of him, but that Haywood as secretary treasurer was under bond of $20,000.

The witness declared that his duties as president of the organization required his absence from headquarters a greater part of the time.

The territory covered by the Western Federation extended from Michigan to the Pacific coast, and from Alaska to Mexico. There were 2,200 members of the Federation when Moyer was elected in 1902. When he was arrested more than a year ago, there were 30,000 members and according to this year's report there are more than 61,000 members.

"Mr. Moyer, during your time as president what has been the outcome of the organization as to defining members to the union who have been charged with crime growing out of their connection with the Union or where the Federation has been involved?" asked Mr. Darrow.

"It has been the rule of the organization to protect its members for the interests of the organization where attacks have been made against them."

Moyer spoke with animation and paused, when he seemed to weigh every word of his answers.

"Has the organization had to defend its members quite often?"

"Yes."

"And have there been many convictions?"

"Very few considering the number who have had charges preferred against them."

Mr. Darrow next took witness to the Cripple Creek district of Colorado and the beginning of the labor strife there, which strike started at Colorado in 1903.

The state militia was called out almost as soon as the strike was started, and despite that fact, the witness declared there was no disorder. Many citizens protested against the presence of the soldiery. During the same year the strike extended to Cripple Creek, the men there going out in support of the Colorado city mill men. Practically all the ore mined in the Cripple Creek district at Colorado Junction directly for treatment in the mills there. The mine owners had been first requested to send their ore to Colorado City.

The Portland, the largest in the district sided with the union milling its own ore.

The strike spread to Telluride in September 1903, the millmen there going out for an eight hour day. An eight hour day law was passed in 1899 but had been declared unconstitutional. Soon after the strike was called at Cripple Creek, Moyer said, he and Haywood met to address the miners at a picnic in Cripple Creek.

"I addressed the men as to my opinion as to the strike should be conducted and gave the details as to the cause of the strike and urged the men to be careful about any acts of violence or any acts which might be charged against them and used against them in any way against the Federation" said Mr. Moyer.

The troops went into the Cripple Creek district April 4th, 1903.

"What was the condition as to peace and quiet at the time?" asked Mr. Darrow.

The state objected to this as a conclusion of the witness, and after discussion of the question was finally allowed and Moyer declared that there was perfect peace about their business and there was no disorder.

Boise, Idaho, July 11.—W. D. Haywood was called to the stand to testify in his own defense shortly after the court opened this afternoon.

Mr. Darrow first inquired as to where the early history of the organization between conventions existed.

Moyer said it existed in the executive board, the president and secretary-treasurer. He has been an active or ex-officio member of the executive board since 1901. He said he was present at Lead, S. D., during the Custer Cañon troubles of 1893, but he was not a member of the executive board at that time. He also testified to the Coeur d'Alene troubles of 1899, but he was not a member of the executive board at that time. He also learned of Gov. Steunenberg's participation in the strike.

The Defense of Federation Members.

Jack Simpkins was one of the men Moyer met at the convention. Senator Borah questioned the witness closely as to the extent of the rule of the federation to defend any of its members accused of crime. Moyer declared that no man was defended unless the executive board decided his arrest had some connection with the Western Federation of Miners.

"If a member of the federation should kill a man on the streets of Boise you would not defend him unless you felt the federation was in some way involved in the affair?" suggested Borah.

"That is my understanding. We would defend anyone whose act grew out of a strike, or whose arrest we felt was due to his connection with the Western Federation of Miners."

"You don't hold it out as an inducement to members that the federation will defend them for any crime committed, do you?"

"No, sir."

A Good Friend of the Organization.

Senator Borah next inquired as to Pettibone's relations to the Western Federation of Miners. Pettibone was not an active member, but when his business permitted, would attend the conventions and would come to headquarters. He was a good friend of the organization and ready to assist in any way he could. He has often bought furniture and other supplies for the organization and its members.

EXPORTATION BY RANCHERS

The Lack of Competition Will Lead Them to Take Drastic Action.

(Special to The Albertan.)

Erskine, July 11.—The beef commission sat today at Erskine in the heart of a fine ranching country.

The chief witnesses were ex-President Root, of the Central Alberta Stock Growers' Association; and R. L. Shaw, one of the principal buyers for Gordon Ironsides & Co.

Mr. Nolan was questioned the witnesses regarding competition, car supply and transportation, and upon the advisability of the direct exportation by the ranchers and the Stock Growers' Association.

Mr. Root stated that there was no competition, and that the Central Alberta Stock Growers' Association was contemplating shipment to Europe. They had been in communication with the clerks of several English cities, who referred them to reliable commission houses. Export cattle sent to Liverpool had offered to handle their cattle, too. As a remedy for these evils he thought it was in sight with the establishment of packing and canning houses in Calgary and Edmonton.

President Whiteside, of the Stock Growers' Association, thought the government should go into the retail butcher trade and utilize all the butcher cattle now entered in the province.

R. L. Shaw stated that Gordon & Ironsides paid the freight on all the cattle they shipped, and charged it to their account. He did not know whether Gordon & Ironsides had a rakeoff or not.

The commission will sit here again tomorrow.

PAID HIM FIFTY CRISP $8100 BILLS

Confession of Dr. Boston, Temporarily Mayor of San Francisco.

San Francisco, July 11.—Dr. Charles Boston, temporarily mayor of San Francisco, while on the witness stand today in the Glass trial, testified of his alleged bribery by Theodore V. Halsey, the resident agent of the Pacific States Telephone company.

Boston said Halsey paid him $5,000 (mist in $100 bills) for saving voted and used his influence as a supervisor against a free franchise being granted the Home Telephone company.

The only important question asked of Boston in cross examination before he was excused brought out that the latter, according to their confession to the grand jury, they had been bribed in order to defeat the Home Telephone company, was held in the office of Mayor Schmitz, on the Sunday preceding February 24, 1906.

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WM. PEARCE, Esq.
711 First Street West (Alexander Corner) Calgary.
A. G. ROSS, Manager

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CHAS. TRAUNWEISER, Proprietor.
JAS. RUTLEY, Manager.

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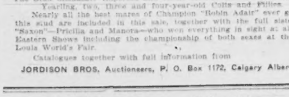

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